



The Korea Magazine

Editorial Board:

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CHATS WITH OUR READERS

The opening chapters of "The Crimson Dawn," a most interesting story written for THE KOREA MAGAZINE, will appear in our next number. This story will be well worth waiting for. Be sure not to miss a single chapter.

. . .

It is a matter for congratulation that all nationalities in Chosen have so heartily joined in the Red Cross work which is being carried on for the relief of suffering on all battlefields, and to assist the widows and orphans behind the lines. It speaks volumes to find such diverse elements of business, social and missionary life all united to help those who cannot help themselves, and to render practically the only service possible for those residing in the East and remote from military activity.

. . .

In no previous year have there been so many foreign visitors to Korea from China and Japan as have already announced their intention of spending a part or all of the summer here. Korea was long called the Hermit Kingdom, but as Chosen she has emerged from her hermit condition. So recent have been these changes that there has been little time to prepare for the adequate care of guests, but the warm hearts of the residents will insure a cordial welcome to every place where a bed can be made up or a meal provided at Sorai Beach, Wonsan Beach, and the Diamond Mountains. The most comfortable railway service in the East, with an ever-enlarging automobile service, relieves travel of many of its tedious features, and the visitor will find an abundance of delightful scenery, and an opportunity for rest if desired, whether the visit is for only a few days or for the entire summer.

. . .

It does not take a large number to make up a company for a profitable and thoroughly enjoyable excursion-party. All who go to Songdo on Saturday, June 8, will have an opportunity to study at first hand many of the monuments and learn much of the history of the Kingdom of Ko-ryu, established just a thousand years ago. A rest from present labors will be afforded, and a little time devoted to investigating records of the remote past will do us all good. History is being made rapidly in these modern days, but the ancients had their part in creating the civilization and environment of modern mortals, and a little time spent in studying their life and times may make us still better prepared for these present days. There is still time to complete your plans for that day. Bring your lunch basket, and prepare for a thoroughly enjoyable day. Saturday, June 8, Songdo, leaving South Gate Station, Seoul, at 9:50 A. M., and returning at 7:25 P. M. It will be well to write or telephone to THE KOREA MAGAZINE, but in any event be sure to be at the station in plenty of time.



MONUMENT HOUSE, CHULDO ISLAND
MONUMENT TO KIJA, CHULDO ISLAND
KIJA'S WELL, CHULDO ISLAND



PORTS FOR CANNON, NAM HAN



OUTSIDE SOUTH GATE, NAM HAN

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Editorial Notes.

JAPAN has led the world so far as reports have reached us in the advance women have made in preparation for meeting modern sea-faring problems. A Japanese young woman has obtained the necessary skill and training, and applied to the authorities for a license as sea-captain, to command a vessel, having spent several years under the competent instruction of her captain father.

A new magazine has been launched in Tokyo which is planned to be for the Japanese empire what the Outlook of New York is to the English-speaking public. That veteran statesman, Count Okuma, is the editor, and his plans are broad and comprehensive. Count Okuma is eighty years of age, a man of great experience in the political affairs of Japan, and will make his magazine a fearless exponent of what he believes to be best for his country. He purposes to make it absolutely independent, under the dominance of no political party, and outspoken in behalf of the public good. The first issue contained 319 pages of reading matter, of an intensely interesting character.

FOR the winning of the world-war the foreign community in Korea has already furnished a good proportion of men for the various armies, and many a place of business and home is entitled to display the service flag. The mines have done magnificently. Information just to hand tells of the sons of two missionaries in Korea, one of them having just received his commission prior to his departure for the front, and the other describing something of the actual fighting in the front-line trenches "somewhere." Then the ambulance provided

by the Chosen Division Branch of the Red Cross is already doing good service at the front, with its driver direct from Korea. And for those who cannot go abundant avenues for service have been opened, from the rolling of bandages to the subscribing for the bonds of the various belligerent countries, and contributing to the funds of the Red Cross, the King George Fund, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and other public and private relief agencies.

KOREA is making substantial returns to Japan in the interest taken by her citizens in shipping and mining enterprises, with the consequent material gains, and now one of the millionaires of Chosen, Mr. Seishichiro Nakamura, of Chinnampo, has presented one hundred thousand yen to the Kyoto Imperial University for the purpose of furthering the study of mineralogy. The gift has been accepted by the University, a part of the sum will be used to erect a laboratory, and the remainder will become part of a fund to be used in carrying forward advanced study and investigation. Such gifts are calculated to accomplish much in drawing students from Chosen to the University, and their investigations will in turn bring further development of the mineral resources of their land. Mr. Nakamura has set an excellent example. There are others who may well emulate him, and in giving their money for like worthy purposes there should be the assurance not only of benefit to the present generation, but an increasing usefulness to posterity.

ONE of the very best opportunities for rendering a noteworthy service seems about to pass unheeded by the Prince Yi Household. There has been a strong feeling that the plot of vacant ground near the Oriental Development Company building in Seoul should be utilized for creating a park which would be accessible to thousands who could enjoy its shade, walks and flowers without expense of travel. It is almost in the heart of the business part of the city, where tens of thousands congregate daily, and where other thousands are so huddled together and driven with care and work and poverty that they seldom get a chance to breathe the free pure

air in the open. It is for just these people that the plea has been made. That an open park be established now, on property practically idle, is not only feasible, desirable, necessary, but it is a plan that could be carried out now cheaper than at any time in the future. Real estate values are sure to rise, there will be still more congestion of population, and the time will come when this park will be demanded by business interests, and when that time does come it will cost a far larger sum to adequately supply the need. It would be a simple matter now for the Prince Yi Household to set aside the land for the park, and as has been suggested let this be a fitting memorial in behalf of all the people in honoring the occasion of the marriage of the heir of Prince Yi. Unless this is done at once it will be too late, for already the streets are being prepared, and in a short time the entire tract of land is expected to be covered with tenements and business buildings, which will make a later change very costly, and almost impossible. This would be a splendid work for the Seoul Chamber of Commerce to undertake and successfully carry through.

WITH the compliments of Dr. Seiji Hishida we have a copy of his address on "Co-operation Between Japan and the United States," an address delivered at a dinner given by the Banks and Trust Companies of Boston at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, in honor of the Special Finance Commission of the Imperial Japanese Government, headed by Baron Megata. Mr. Hishida was one of the party, a Special Commissioner from Chosen, and spoke freely concerning the work in the East which Japan and the United States should undertake in common. The address closes with the following sentences: "I venture to think the prosperity of each individual nation, the peace of the world, the progress of humanity, the reconciliation of the East and the West, all the elements that go to make up the great conception of the world's civilization, would be advanced by the coöperation of all nations which are capable of such a mission, but not by a single universal empire such as was the dream of Alexander the Great, Caesar, Ghingis Khan, Napoleon or a modern Teutonic ruler. In this

all-embracing world movement, Japan will continue to play a significant part, in harmony with her own interest and with those of others, and in the same chivalrous spirit in which she is now leading her sister nations of Asia to a higher plane of political, social and moral responsibility."

SOMETHING ABOUT KIIJA. (箕子)

Every student of Korean history is interested in whatever pertains to the famous name of Kija, the reputed founder of Korean civilization. We wish that the historical records concerning this famous man of antiquity were fuller and more authentic. What records there are indicate that he lived during the closing years of the Shang or Yin dynasty in China which began in the year 1766 B. C. Kija was a relative of the last emperor of that dynasty and therefore of royal blood. He had therefore all the privileges that go with good birth and education.

All dynasties come to an end sometime and so did the Shang dynasty. Whether or not the moral and political corruption of the court was the cause of its overthrow we cannot well know but certain it seems to be that the dynasty passed away in the midst of great moral corruption and degeneracy. Kija was one of the three councilors of this last monarch who was called Chu. Whether Kija was a partaker of the general corruption of the time or whether he stood aloof and above it there is very little on record to show.

When the Emperor Mu was firmly seated on his throne he looked about him for a suitable prime minister and concluded that no one was more suited to the place than Kija who was now languishing in prison doubtless expecting every day to be his last day on earth as the other two councilors who had shared with him the confidence of the former king were already citizens of the next world. The offer of the premiership must have been a temptation to him that was hard to resist in view of the ingrained desire of the Oriental for political preferment, a desire that has been a ruling passion in

the Orient for uncounted centuries. That Kija had the strength of character to resist the flattering offer is greatly to his credit and is the one thing in his life that has led to his name being written so large in the history of this part of the world.

Kija seems to have been possessed of a high sense of honor, for he thought that loyalty to the memory of his former master forbade him taking office under the usurper who now occupied the throne. Probably feeling that for his health's sake it would be advisable to get as far away as possible from the new court, Kija decided to emigrate. Instead of going west as emigrants do in the western world, true to the topsy turvy method of the Orient, Kija decided to go east. He evidently was a man of very considerable influence, for about five thousand persons decided to cast in their lot with him. That was a party large enough both to be self-preservative and to exert a mighty influence on any community where they might choose to settle.

But now comes the difficult question. Where did he go and how did he get there? If only some musty records could be turned up in some old monastery that would settle this much debated question what a boon it would be! It is certainly quite disconcerting to the historical student to find that Kija founded his empire anywhere from north-eastern Siberia to southern Korea. One is sometimes almost tempted to believe that there never was such a character as Kija anyway and that the name of Kija, which indeed is not a family name but only a title, was the designation of some sort of a will-of-the-wisp which appeared here and there at pleasure over a large extent of territory, so that various peoples began to worship him as a demi-god. That he was not quite regarded as immortal, except in reputation, is evident in that all accounts agree that he died and no less than seven cities claim the honor of his burial place. Just to the north of the city of Pyengyang is a beautiful grove surrounding a large mound which is declared to be the grave of Kija. But even so it is sometimes said that only one of his shoes is buried here. That he did found the city of Pyengyang and lived here is a tradition that

has come down through the ages. The historical traditions, such as there are, seem to favor this theory more than any other one.

But how did he get here? By what road did he travel? Did he come overland from the north or by water from the west? Here again there is a variety of opinion. The writer thinks that he has run across some evidence that Kija came to Korea by boat, coming up the river past Chinnampo and then on up the Taidong River to the site of the present city of Pyengyang which he founded. It is to exploit this evidence that the present lines are written.

In Hulbert's History of Korea, Vol. I, Chapter II, there is the following:

"Whether Kija came to Korea by boat or by land cannot be easily determined. It is improbable that he brought such a large company by water and yet one tradition says that he came first to Suwun which is somewhat south of Chemulpo. That would argue an approach by sea. . . . It is said that from Suwun he went northward to the island of Chuldo, off Whanghai Province, where they today point out a Kija Well. From thence he went to Pyeng-yang."

The writer has discovered this island of Chuldo, which is mentioned in the above extract as being somewhere in the Yellow Sea off the coast of Whanghai Province. The fact that it is called Chuldo (鐵島) (Iron Island) would naturally lead one to think that it is somewhere in the sea but the fact is that it is an inland island and is an island only at high tide. Chuldo is the promontory of land that occupies the northeastern sector of the place where the Taidong river joins the river that comes up from the Chairyung direction to form the bayou that goes down by Chinnampo to the sea some twelve or fifteen miles away.

In the course of his perigrinations in the country the writer has frequently visited this island of Chuldo. Last year, and before he discovered the above quotation in Hulbert's History, he learned from conversation with people living on the island that there is a Kija monument and well on the

promontory. He decided that the next time he came to Chuldo he would bring a camera along, visit the point, see what he could see, and take a photograph of it. The results are given herewith. The man who accompanied the writer is a member of the family whose ancestors, for fourteen generations back, lie buried on this point. He pointed out the graves of his brother and his parents and others of his ancestors. He and his descendants all plan to lie there some time.

Arriving at the point we found two relics of Kija, one the well which is mentioned by Mr. Hulbert, and the other a monument, photographs of both of which we give here. As a well is rather a difficult object to photograph the reader will have to take the writer's word for the fact that there is really a well under the round stone with a hole in the middle of it which appears in the photograph. It is said to be very deep and certainly is full of good water which is still used by the people who live in the neighborhood.

The inscription on the stone monument speaks for itself. It may be translated as follows, "Monument on the traditional site of Holy Kija." The monument stands inside the rather dilapidated tile covered building shown herewith. It could be photographed only through the broken lattice work in front. No, the writer did not break the lattice work. Other hands than his are responsible for this piece of vandalism. The writer is one among many who are anxious for the careful preservation of these historical monuments. He hopes that the government will see to it that this and other such relics of the past are preserved in a manner befitting their importance.

The local tradition is that Kija came to Korea by boat, entering the river below Chinnampo, and came up as far as Chuldo, where he decided to stop and build a city, being attracted to it by the scenic beauty of the place and its easy accessibility by water in three directions. He tarried there for a while and dug this well which is therefore older than the famous well at Pyengyang. The tradition goes on to say that one of Kija's followers by the name of Uh tried to dissuade Kija from stopping here, saying that the waters were very dangerous by reason of the fact that tides of the two streams

meet here causing them to be very turbulent and saying, further, that they would doubtless find a better site further up the river. Evidently he was rather insistent in his opposition to Kija's plans to tarry there, so much so that Kija had him executed. The boatmen on the river to this day when they pass this promontory chant the following words,

"Uh Ka Tuh Ka." (어가 더가) which being interpreted mean, "Mr. Uh (says) go further."

It was not long till Kija discovered that Chuldo was not the best site for his city and he repented of his hasty execution of his faithful follower Uh and now decided to take his advice and proceed further up the river. He did so and settled at Pyengyang which city he founded and there, as is supposed, he spent the remainder of his days. This is supposed to be the year 1122 B. C.

It was the twentieth day of the month on which Kija had Mr. Uh executed and so in view of the sorrowful recollection of the fact the twentieth day of the month became known as "Nyum Il" (念日). The twenty-first became "Nyum Ir-il," the twenty-second "Nyum I-il," and so on down to the twenty-ninth. The word "nyum" means to remember or ponder. These words are still used but now mostly confined to epistolary correspondence.

Such traditions and monuments as these are not of course infallible but they do bear their weight of testimony. And the writer offers the above as partial evidence that Kija came to Korea by boat and that he really lived and reigned in this part of Korea and not somewhere up north in the wilds of Siberia. Whether his five thousand companions all came with him by boat or whether they 'hoofed' it around by land is not a very important question. We are only interested in knowing how the old gentleman himself got here and in establishing the fact that he did get here in fact as well as in fancy.

Chuldo has an interest to the student of modern history as well as to the student of ancient history. Back in the Sixties the Rev. Mr. Thomas, agent in China of the Scottish Bible Society, came to Korea aboard the ill-fated American

ship *General Sherman*. The ship made her way up the Taidong on high tide to the city of Pyengyang. When the tide went out the ship was unable to leave. The hostile Koreans took advantage of the fact and sent burning rafts down the stream linked together so that they enclosed the *General Sherman* and the ship and all her crew perished in the flames except such members of the crew as escaped to the shore only to be beaten to death by the mob. Korea was then a Hermit Nation with a vengeance and no foreigners were allowed to enter the country or having entered to leave again. In order to prevent any more foreign devils from entering the country the government built two large guard houses, one at Chuldo and the other on the opposite side of the river in Kangsuh county. Officials were placed in these two houses whose duty it was to guard the entrance against any more foreign intrusion. These guard houses were kept up till the time of the China-Japan war in 1895. By that time foreigners had found means of getting into the country other than by boat up the Taidong, so these guards were withdrawn and the houses demolished. The ruins of the Chuldo house are very extensive.

These ruins in close proximity to the Kija monument represent both the beginning and the end of the old Korean civilization. The entrance of Kija established a civilization that endured for many centuries. But it gave way at last. The crumbling of these guard houses typifies the passing of Korea the Hermit Nation and the beginning of Chosen the nation that is being brought in line rapidly with the march of modern progress. The country is now open to all the arts and vices of modern civilization.

CHARLES E. BERNHEISEL.

THE TOMBS OF OO-HYUN-LI.

A very interesting caller came by the other day in the person of Osvald Siren, Professor of the History of Art, Stockholm. He arrived in Pyengyang and stopped off a day in order to visit the famous tombs in Kang-su. Already these

ancient palaces have won the attention of the world of art. Their mural decorations, their symbolic emblems, their weirdly ancient yet almost modern figures are a wonder of the world just beginning to dawn.

Recently, when the emblem of fire from these tombs was thrown on the screen in Boston, the audience greeted it with wondering applause. Evidently a mine of artistic worth remains to be unearthed in these old tombs of Kokuryu.

What Professor Siren specially desired to see were those at Oo-hyun-li. He gave the writer a hearty invitation to join him, which he certainly would have done had duty permitted.

There are three tombs in Oo-hyun-li, situated close together, the one to the south being called the Great Tomb. Its diameter, that is of the outer mound, is about 170 feet, while its height is about 30. Its masonry is of granite, cut in large blocks and built in the most substantial way, the skill shown by the masons being of the highest order. In the inner chamber are two tables of stone evidently intended as stands for coffins.

The official record regarding this tomb says, "The walls and ceilings are of granite, decorated with coloured pictures strong in concept, beautiful for grace, and exquisitely fine in execution."

It is considered from the general appearance of the decorations that they belong to the times of the Divided Kingdom of China, 500 A. D. Professor Siren remarks that nothing equal to them of the same period exists in either China or Japan Proper.

The four mural paintings, that call the attention of the world, are drawn according to the symbolic law of Chinese Philosophy. To the east is the Blue Dragon, blue being the colour that pertains to that point. Not only this one, but all the figures are magnificently drawn with a power and wealth of imagination that leaves a great wondering question as to whence they came.

The Blue Dragon with lifted paw, and long spotted tongue curling upwards, a very dreadful monster, rides by us

among the clouds. His long scaly back is curved with a grace of motion perfectly natural, while flames of fire, like wildly driven torches, blaze from his back.

The White Tiger, which has to do with the west, is also a magnificent creation, the loose flung tail, the strong rear foot, expressive of the driving force that sends the beast hurtling through the air, the fierce claws, the wild flames of fire, the fanged jaws and hotly glaring eye being a splendid piece of imagination. No wonder Professor Siren came miles on miles to see it. When the war is over, one of the artist-pilgrimages of the world will be to these tombs. But why white tiger? Because white is the emblematic colour of the west.

On the south wall is the Red Bird, another surprising creation. It would seem to have a double body with one leg to each, beautiful scimitar like wings, and a sweep of uplifted tail. Its highly crowned head has a tip of red above the eye and a live coal in the beak. While the Blue Dragon has charge of *wood* in the east, and the White Tiger charge of *metal* in the west, the Red Bird has *fire* as its element in the south.

This bird, touched off by the unknown artist's fingers one thousand five hundred years ago, holds the onlooker spell-bound, so spectral like and yet so graceful and real it seems.

Touches of white ornament the body and the inner circle of the wings.

But on the north wall is the strangest creature of all, an unimaginable turtle, lithe-limbed and long, with the snake, its mate, wound in folds about it. The name turtle *ku-pook*, though a native word, can be spelled out with Chinese characters, *ku* meaning *to reside* and *pook*, *north*, the Turtle being the guardian creature of the north. The snake is its mate and from these two, in union, birth results and the new year, as the picture of the sun to the right indicates, with life in general. This surely marks the highest development of Chinese philosophy as pictured on the blackboard.

Other mural decorations are most interesting, clouds, fairies, mountain peaks, racing horses, unicorns, the phoenix, angels with long sweeping folds of light trailing behind them,

the genii sitting about among the rocks and hills of wonderland, odd conventional flowers, the honeysuckle, the lotus.

These tombs remain as samples of the gilded palaces of the days of Kokuryu, when the living were interred along with the dead, objects of wonder they will continue to be more and more as time goes on.

PLACES OF INTEREST ABOUT SEOUL.

(MANG-WUL SA).

To the north of Seoul, some eight miles along the Gensan Road, is To-bong Mountain, one of the finest peaks that marks the way to the coast. A cock's-comb ridge rides across its top, and takes on various shapes as you go by. From one point it looks like an eagle watching from his eyrie; at another like the head and shoulders of Dr. Samuel Johnson, wig and all, or to put it into more modern terms, not unlike an unshaved, unshorn Mr. Taft, ex-President.

The hill is a half hour's walk from Giseifu (Eui-jung-poo) railway station running directly south to a little hamlet called Chang-soo-wun. From here up the hill it is an easy hour. The road is not specially steep, nor is it rough, and yet it takes you up 1700 feet till you come to the temple that stands on a level platform among the trees.

How old this site is and how many changing scenes it has witnessed! It was first built on in 627 A. D. when the poor forsaken borders of the earth were waking up to religion. In that year King Edwin of Northumbria, Englishman, became a Christian and was baptized. While a new light was dawning thus is the West, Korea rejoiced in this new found faith of the Buddha.

On a rock at the side of the temple is a short historical account cut in the year 1800 A. D. A long silence marks the period between 600 and 1200. Doubtless many prayers were said through these years, *Om-ma-ni pad-mi-hum*, bells rung and gongs beaten.

We learn from the inscription that, later, a priest named Wisdom's Torch (He-ko) came and restored its fallen fortunes;

and again an echo is heard of a priest called Sul-myung who repaired it in 1691 just about the time when the apple hit Sir Isaac Newton in the eye and discovered for him the law of gravitation.

Again in 1800 repairs were made and this account carved on the rocks.

The name-board over the main hall is interesting seeing it was written by Yuan Shih-kai in the year 1891. A young man he was then, stepping up from the humble place of lieutenant in the army to become China's Caesar, till just when he reached out to make sure of the elusive bubble that dazzled before his eyes, all burst and was gone. The temple will ever respond to a lonely echo of this all but famous man.

There is a lovely wood about it, and a walk of about ten minutes behind, somewhat steep, that brings you up to the crest of the hill, when you see all the world—the surrounding peaks, the streams, the tiny railway train so diminutive and slow moving.

A week-end in Mang-wul Sa (Temple of the Full Moon) will assuredly rest the spirit from all the cares of the day, it being one of the best ordered and interesting temples anywhere about the city.

Language Study.

(THE DAYS OF THE WEEK)

I am asked by a friend to explain the name of the days of the week as Koreans now know them. How did they come about?

| | | |
|-----------|-----|-------|
| Sunday | 일요일 | (日曜日) |
| Monday | 월요일 | (月曜日) |
| Tuesday | 화요일 | (火曜日) |
| Wednesday | 수요일 | (水曜日) |
| Thursday | 목요일 | (木曜日) |
| Friday | 금요일 | (金曜日) |
| Saturday | 토요일 | (土曜日) |

The world of the East, through the Chinese character that dominates it, is full of signs and omens pointing with

prophetic finger toward something or other that assuredly comes to pass. *Chang-yup Chun*, the name of the Tablet House of the Kings, holds in its bosom the secret that twenty-eight kings, and twent-eighty only would rule the land. Bell Hill was the old name of the place where the Cathedral rings out its note today. Carriage Town was also the name of the district where the railway trains shunt, and bump and jostle each other outside the gate. *Yang-wha*, the sound of which, not the character, means Foreign Death, is the name of the Foreign Cemetery by the River. The East is overflowing with the voices and whisperings that are sooner or later bound to come to pass.

In the year 1573 the Ming Government of China gave a special name to the reign of Sin-jong *Mal-lyuk* (Universal Calendar). Why such a name? The writers doubtless chose it simply as a suitable combination for good luck not dreaming that in nine years' time it would find a peculiar fulfilment in the arrival of Matteo Ricci, the Catholic Father who came bringing what was to be the Universal Calendar (1582 A. D.) of the world, and Western astronomical knowledge.

China had evidently known the five planets from far distant ages and had them named long before the Christian era, Mercury, the Water Star (*Soo-sung*); Venus, the Metal Star (*Keum-sung*); Mars, the Fire Star (*Wha-sung*); Jupiter, the Wood Star (*Mok-sung*); and Saturn the Earth Star (*T'o-sung*). Thus it came about that the five Roman-Greek divinities had the names of the Five Elements apportioned among them.

Later in the forming of the names of the days of the week this order was followed.

Our Christian forefathers, it seems, had no special names for these and for lack of better fell into the habit of using the same names as their non-Christian countrymen taken from the divinities of the old Germanic peoples. They called the first day Sunday which has now become translated *Il yo il* Sun shining-day; Monday, *Wul-yo-il*, Moon-shining-day; Tuesday, from Tiw, the Scandanavian God of War, corresponding to Mars, *Wha-yo-il* (Fire-shining-day), Fire being Mars' symbol.

We see the name Mars still in the French name *mardi*. Wednesday, or Woden's Day, Woden being the God of storms, corresponding to Mercury, was named *Soo-yo-il*, Water being the symbol decided on for Mercury. This name still is seen in the French *mercredi*. Thursday, or Thor's Day, Thor being equal to Jupiter, whose symbol is Wood, was named *Mok-yo-il*, Wood-shining-day. Friday or Freya's Day, she being the corresponding divinity to Venus, was called *Keum-yo-il* Metal-shining-day. Saturday still retains its old Roman-Greek name Saturn's Day, and was *T'o-yo-il*, Earth-shining-day.

Hence it comes that we get our names in the following order *il, wul, wha, soo, mok, keum, t'o*.

Do you know them? If not, learn them. The Christians today, in the outlying country districts, say *ye-pai-il, ye-pai-i, yi-pai-sam*, just as the Christians did in the early days of the church, but assuredly, as the early Christians had to discard these as unsatisfactory, so it will come to pass here and we shall have *il-yo-il, wul-yo-il*, etc. used just as our names are with us.

It is not necessary to add that these names as decided on by the astronomers of the Mings made their way to Japan, and from Japan Proper they now make their way to Korea.

J. S. GALE.

THE OBSTREPEROUS BOY.

Note:—This is an interesting story showing the workings of an unruly boy's mind, and also how to handle him. It proves as well, how a kindly bearing can sweep away the long enmity of years. It is taken from the *Keui-moon Ch'ong-wha* Vol. II; 22.

The magistrate of Hap-ch'un had a son born to him when he was about 60 years of age. In his foolish love for the child, he spoiled him completely, and failed altogether in his teaching, so that at thirteen years of age the lad knew nothing and was quite unable to read.

There was a famous priest living then in Hai-in Monastery with whom the magisarate had been on friendly terms for a

long time. This priest came one day and seeing the boy, said, "Your son is growing up, and you have never sent him to school. What do you mean by it?"

The magistrate replied, "I have tried to teach him myself, but he is obstinate and will listen to nothing that I say. I can not bear to beat him, so there you have it, a very distressful case."

The priest replied, "If a gentleman's son is not educated, he is of all men the most useless. To merely lavish love on him, and plan nothing for his improvement, will surely never do. He is handsome, and bright, and it seems a pity that he should be so neglected. Will you give me permission to take him in hand and teach him?"

"I would be delighted," said the magistrate, "but it seems over much to ask of anyone. To educate him, and bring him to a place where he would do honour to his forefathers and be a master of the character would of all things be most gratifying."

The priest then said, "If this is to be decided upon, there is one matter that must be settled. Live or die I must have the power to command him rigorously, and for this I would ask a written contract, properly signed and sealed. Also, after sending him to the monastery, there must be no coming or going of servants, and you must give up your love, here and now, if I am to undertake the task. I shall see to his food and clothing myself, and if you have any occasion to send messages, let them be sent by priests who come and go, and addressed to me personally. Will Your Excellency consent to this?"

The magistrate replied, "I shall consent to anything you suggest."

Thus an agreement was made out, signed and sealed, and that day the boy was sent to the hills, and all communication with him cut off.

He began by doing just what he liked, all license dispensed with. He answered his preceptor back, called him names, struck him in the face; in fact, there was nothing he did not venture to do.

The priest pretended not to see, paid no attention, said nothing, and left him to do just as he pleased.

After four or five days of this, the master arose early one morning, put on his official hat and robes, took his seat in the place of command, and had thirty or forty of his priests gather before him with their books. The strictest order was maintained with the most exacting ceremonial form. He then sent a young priest with orders to bring the magistrate's son before him.

On being arrested the boy screamed, and cried, and took on in the most defiant manner saying, "You dogs of priests, how dare you put your dirty hands on a gentleman? I'll go back and tell my father, and he will assuredly have you slaughtered everyone of you." Again he shouted, "Thieves and robbers, a thousand deaths to you, though I die I'll not do your bidding."

The master then shouted out to have him pinioned and brought by force.

A crowd was on to him at once, and, fastened like a criminal, he was brought to the master's presence.

The priest then unfolded the contract that had been written, spread it out and said, "Your father wrote this, signed it, and gave it to me, and from now on your fate is in my hand—life or death. Here you are, the son of a gentleman, and yet you do not know a single letter. Evil deeds only and un-governed ways are your accomplishments. What use for the like of you to live? Without a definite reform, you will be the ruin of your family and a disgrace forever. I shall have to punish you, and that severely."

He then heated an iron barb red-hot, had it turned against the boy and speared his leg with it. The lad had a fit, and for a time lay unconscious. A little later he revived and the priest again ordered him to be speared, when all of a sudden the boy dropped on his knees, prayed for his life, and confessed that he had done very badly, "I shall hereafter do whatever Your Excellency commands. Please do not spear me." While the master had him view in terror the threatened

iron, he gave him a short but very impressive lecture. He then had him unbound, and told him to sit down beside him and begin his work on the *Thousand Character Classic*. He gave him his appointed task each day so that he had no time to idle, and from this start, little by little, his knowledge grew and his general character developed. On hearing one thing he learned ten, and through ten he learned a hundred.

In four or five months he had mastered the *Thousand Character*. Day and night he was constantly at it. So diligent and faithful a boy did he become, that in less than a year he had made marked progress. In three years of this training at the temple he became a young man of liberal culture.

However, as he studied he had but one thought in mind, "I was insulted by these priests because I was ignorant. I shall study now with all my might, and when I pass my examination, I'll kill this master tyrant, and wipe out the disgrace that I have suffered at his hands." With this purpose in mind he worked harder than ever.

The priest had him taught how to write Chinese compositions, so that he soon acquired a practised hand. One day he called him and said, "Your attainments now are sufficient for you to enter the examination lists as a candidate. Come with me to-morrow and see."

The next day he took him to his father and said, "The young man's progress is such, that if he keeps on, he will be able to pass the examination and hold office without shame. I herewith resign my responsibility and give him back to you." The father then planned for his wedding, and they as a family returned to the capital.

For several years he was a candidate at examination contests, till finally he graduated with honour; and some years later became Governor of Kyung-sang Province. He thought with keen zest, "I shall now square up my account with that priest of Hai-in Sa and wipe out the disgrace he did me."

He reached his official place, and from there prepared to make a tour of the province, but before starting out he gave orders to his officer of justice, "Get ready special paddles and find me three or four skilled beaters. There is a priest in

these hills," said he, "whom I intend to have arrested and beaten to death."

He started then on his tour and finally reached Hong-yoo Tong, where the old priest of Hai-in Sa came out with his disciples and stood by the side of the way to meet him.

The Governor on seeing him, alighted from his chair, took him by the hand and spoke kindly.

The priest, now an old man, smiled and said, "I still live to see Your Excellency seated in the place of honour, and surrounded by all the dignity and power of office. How glad my heart is."

He then led him to the temple and said, "The room I use now is where Your Excellency used to live, and study, and tonight you shall sleep there. I wonder if you would mind my occupying the same room with you?"

The Governor said, "No, not in the least, I should be very glad."

When the night had grown late and all was quiet, the priest said, "When you were here and studied, you would like to have killed me, wouldn't you?"

The Governor said, "Yes, I would."

The priest continued, "Till after you passed your examination you had the same mind still, did you not?"

"Quite right," said the Governor.

"Also the other day just before you started on your tour, you gave orders to prepare paddles and find skilful hands to beat me?"

"Yes I did," said the Governor.

"Then why did Your Excellency not have me killed at once instead of dismounting from your chair and meeting me so kindly?"

The Governor replied, "I did have that thought in mind all along till I met you. Seeing your kindly face, however, all my resentment melted away like snow and only delight and gladness remained."

The priest replied, "I followed you all along your course and noted your progress and attainment, every foot of the way."

NAM HAN, OR THE SOUTH FORTRESS.

No one can even pass through the city of Seoul without seeing and being impressed by the great pile of blue-gray rock which towers two thousand five hundred feet above the city streets, and the most casual inquirer learns that this mountain is the site of the great North Fortress of the city, or Pouk Han. Few, however, even of the residents of the capital, are acquainted with its sister, Nam Han, the South Fortress.

Less lofty, less imposing to the observer from a distance, and more likely to be only so observed because of its position across the river and some seventeen miles from the city gate, it is passed by. Its battlements and outworks, its massive gates and its tiny sally-ports look out over the placid river and the green fields with little or nothing to remind them that this is a different world from the one which they first saw hundreds of years ago.

Yet, to a visitor, Nam Han is more than courteous, and the great wall, which has seen bloody combats and looked on at the surrender of a king, lends its nooks and crannies to the azaleas and rhododendrons, the lilies of the valley and the iris, and conceals its grimness behind the soft mantle of the ivy.

The circuit of the walls is roughly six or seven miles, and within lies a fertile valley and a sleepy little town differing only from the ordinary country village in the ruined buildings which once formed the King's residence and the monasteries which still house a few monks. The top of the highest peak climbed by the wall is crowned by a two-story royal pavilion, guarded by several tall spruce trees and a gnarled old pine which was ennobled several hundred years ago and still bears its honors with dignity.

The wall is pierced by four large gates and by numerous smaller ones and many tiny sally-ports leading to the outworks which are carried along the ridges of hills flanking the approaches to the walls or gates. The top of a commanding hill to the south is further crowned by two strongly walled

enclosures which prevent an enemy from placing cannon or catapults to bombard the city. To the amateur, at any rate, the construction and layout show a considerable degree of military skill and one is not inclined to envy any soldiers who may have been ordered to storm those precipitous hills in the face of a vigorous fire from behind such defences. In ancient times granaries were provided which were supposed to hold sufficient provisions for a long siege, and even when poorly stocked the fortress held out for several months against an overwhelming force of Manchus.

The mention of the Manchus brings us to the history of the place, and as the walls and gates refuse to divulge their secrets we are forced to look elsewhere for the necessary information. The writer makes no claim to have verified the data presented and would be glad if it prove the incentive for a more accurate investigation.

Apparently however Nam Han made its debut in history about the year 11 B. C. when King Onjo of Pakche established his capital there, building a low wall and stockade, which followed the general lay of the present main wall, early in the following year. After an occupation of fifty or sixty years the capital of Pakche was moved and we hear nothing more of Nam Han till about 360 A. D. when it was temporarily re-occupied and was the base for a series of attacks by Pakche on its northern neighbour of Koguryu across the river. These were successful and resulted in considerable territory changing hands. Again we lose sight of the sometime capital of a kingdom and turn many pages of history before we meet with it once more. But this time it is the prelude to the most important act in the whole drama of its existence. Perhaps warned by the Hideyoshi invasion of a few years previous, orders were given for the fortification of Nam Han and the wall was finally completed in the 7th moon of what in our calendar was the year 1626. It was none too soon, for clouds were gathering to the north and after an interval that, to a hoary headed city like Nam Han, must have been a mere breathing space, the Manchu armies swept down over the peninsula. As defence after defence crumbled before them the king and

his court determined to flee to the island of Kangwha, and in scenes of indescribable confusion forced their way out of the South Gate only to be met with the news that detachments of Manchu cavalry had already seized the ferries and that that place of refuge was cut-off. A hurried consultation, and the horses' heads were turned and they crossed the city through streets packed with weeping refugees and hurried out of the Water Gate. And none too soon, for as they issued from the east side of the city the first of the barbarian cavalry galloped thru the South Gate. So close was the pursuit that while the king and his court crossed the ferry at Sonpa safely the greater part of their baggage and retainers were overtaken while embarking and fell into the hands of the pursuing cavalry. This the 14th day of the 10th moon of 1635 saw the entry into Nam Han in hot haste of the king and his followers and the beginning of the siege and all the attendant horrors.

It is stated that the Manchus constructed a wattle fence of tightly woven branches and sticks around the entire mountain so that not even a dog could get out. Desperate attacks by night and equally desperate defence, sudden sallies from which none returned and other sallies when each soldier carried back at least two grinning Manchu heads to add to the frieze of silent defenders mounted on poles along the wall, sickness, starvation, treachery, intrigue, cowardice and gallantry, all took their turn during the months which followed in the stricken fortress. Half provisioned and suddenly garrisoned with a small force the result was never in doubt and at last, when horses, magpies, roots, and all the other expedients resorted to on such occasions had been exhausted, on the last day of the first moon of 1637 the king and court issued in sad procession from the West Gate and surrendered to the barbarian invaders. The Manchus set up a huge stone at the village of Sonpa on the road to Nam Han recounting their successes and the terms made with the conquered king and country. This was naturally hated by the Koreans as one of the signs of their humiliation and as soon as was safe it was overthrown and seems to now have entirely disappeared, whether broken up or buried no one knows.

After the Manchus retired from the country the government feared to put a garrison of regular troops into the fortress lest they excite the suspicions of the late conquerors, so nine monasteries were established and over a thousand military monks housed in them. The abbot was given a place among the other military officers of the country at its war councils. Drills and military exercises of all kinds occupied the soldier-monks whose numbers were replenished each year from among specially promising candidates from each province. In the manufacture and use of bows and arrows they became especially famous throughout the country. Later Nam Han was made one of the four special garrison points of the central part of the country, the others being Songdo, Kangwha and Suwon.

Monks, monasteries and fortress, gradually fell into disuse, the beautiful forests which covered its hills have been leveled and it sleeps on from year to year with a sort of scornful disregard of time, still watching the distant city.

Go to the Museum and look at the suits of armor, the banners, battle-axes, swords and muzzle-loaders, and then visit Nam Han, and as a cloud drifts across the moon picture yourself as a sentry on those walls and you will suddenly see the horrid masks and flashing swords of a Manchu attacking party swarm over the walls as silently as they did three hundred years ago. Or leave your body in the summer pavilion on the summit and let your mind accompany a sortie stealing in single file out one of the tiny sally-ports and down to fall on the besiegers where they least expect you. Each stone of the walls could tell its story of footholds given or refused to the besiegers and the dark recesses could repeat traitorous parleys with the enemy or intrigues against the favorite of the moment. The village children will show you the foot-prints of the Tokgabis who infest the hill to-day but these are not necessary to make one feel that each crest and valley, each gate and outwork are alive with the ghosts of by-gone days. It is the spell of this conviction as well as the splendid vista of river and mountains which is the Charm of Nam Han.

H. H. UNDERWOOD.

PUBLIC PRIMARY SCHOOLS FOR KOREAN CHILDREN IN SEOUL.

(KONG NIP POTONG HAKKYO).

Seoul has 13 of these schools, one for both girls and boys, one for girls only, the others for boys only. The total enrollment at the end of March 1918, was 3,211 boys, and 483 girls. Beside these schools, the various Private schools, including Church and Mission schools, enroll some 3,910. So that Seoul has a total of 7,604 Korean children receiving Primary Education, in addition to the 2,310 or less attending the Kul Pangs, or old style schools for the study of Chinese characters.

The ratio worked out on page 158 of the April number of the Korea Magazine, where we found that 10 per cent of the Japanese population of Seoul is of the age to attend the Primary schools, doubtless holds for Koreans as well. That would mean that Seoul should have about 16,000 Korean children in the Primary Grades, instead of the less than 10,000 shown above.

Beginning this year there is a special tax for the Korean schools, levied upon property owned by Koreans, as the tax for Japanese schools is levied upon Japanese. It is very low, of course, being 1-100 of the present land tax, and 1-10 of the present house tax, and estimated revenue is ¥3,600 for the current year. This is a step in the right direction, and while it is only a small share of the total expenditure, the rate will doubtless increase till it compares favorably with the special tax for education paid by all Japanese in the city, whether land-owners or not. (See April number, pages 158 and 159 for details of this).

The expenditure for the past year was ¥58,291, a little less than ¥16 per pupil. This is much lower than the ¥22.70 per pupil in the schools for Japanese. Two reasons that are obvious are the employment of a large number of Korean teachers (50 out of the total of 73) and the fact that the course is for 4 years only, instead of 6, as in the Japanese Primary schools, so a lower grade of teacher can be used.

Of the 23 Japanese teachers, 10 are men. The Principal of each school is a Japanese, so there are only 6 others, teachers of special subjects, as a rule. Of the 50 Korean teachers, there is only one woman. Classes for boys and girls are separate, and in separate buildings, in the one school where both boys and girls are allowed to attend. There is also a difference in tuition, boys pay 30 sen per month, girls pay 20. A younger brother or sister pays half the regular rate. The tuition for Japanese Primary schools is 40 sen, and in the Higher Primary twice that.

The largest of these schools is the one at Ooidong (opposite Dr. Gale's house) and as it has both boys and girls, it gives a good idea of the whole system. The Japanese teachers number 3 men and 2 women, including the Principal. Among the 14 Korean teachers, 4 are Normal School Graduates. All the teaching, except the Chinese character, is in Japanese, as in all the other schools.

Divisions are large, I counted 63 in one, and none seemed less than 40 for the boys, and 30 for the girls. Fifty-five graduated this Spring, but not more than 100 of them are now in higher schools, most are at work with their parents. The course is a good one, including Ethics, National Language, Korean and Chinese Arithmetic, Nature Study and elementary Physiology, Singing and Gymnastics, Sewing (for girls), Agriculture (for boys), Drawing, and Manual Work.

Equipment includes excellent parlor organs, many valuable pieces of apparatus, abundance of charts and maps, and plain, but strong and serviceable desks. In the lower grades some desks were occupied by three children each, in the higher grades two each. The neatness of the buildings is most striking, particularly as the work is done by the little folks themselves. After each recitation, the blackboard is immediately cleaned by the pupil whose turn it is, and each afternoon the whole building is wiped out by the students in turn. This, with the fact that the students do not wear their shoes in the building, makes every room free from dust and dirt.

The order in the rooms is noteworthy, yet there is no

lack of freedom and individual initiative. A lesson in Mental Arithmetic in the (boys) Third Grade, with all the students standing, and a dozen hands in the air as soon as the problem had been given, each wildly shaken by a chap fairly bursting with the answer, was as animated a scene as an American school would show. Most of the answers were right, too.

Each teacher has a share in the playground work. This is the first school I have seen where is no one set aside as teacher of Calisthenics. Two or three divisions will be drilling at once, the girls in their own fenced-off section of the large playground. At recess there is a scene of wild enthusiasm, and plenty of noise and confusion, that subsides magically when the bell taps.

Manual Training shows results that are astonishing. The students have a complete outfit of carpenters' tools, and a well equipped workshop, also an excellent blacksmith's shop, with forge and all the rest complete. Those who take the M. T. Course alone give 18 hours a week to it, and in 2 years learn to make articles as complicated as hand-carts and desks. Those who are in the regular course make the simpler things in wood and metal, many of them articles of daily use about the house.

There is a large garden, just begun this year, with ornamental effects on a small scale, and a fine fish-pond, but most of the ground is put into food crops. The season is too early to tell of the concrete results for the year, but there is no doubt that the boys do real work, nor is there any question as to their enthusiasm for the farming work, which is real work, and nothing like play.

The difficulty about the Primary schools is that there are not enough of them. And it is a question, apparently, whether the country can ever have really enough. We read in the Japanese papers lately that when a Korean tried to present to His Majesty the Emperor a petition asking that Primary Education in Chosen be made universal, as he had found it to be in Japan, he was considered crazy, until "careful examination at the Police Station proved him perfectly sane." At ₩16.00 a pupil, which is really a low figure the Primary

Schools of Seoul for Koreans ought to be allowed more than a quarter of a million yen, and for the whole country there would be 25 million yen or more needed, not less than 5 or 6 yen per household. The country at present cannot bear such a burden, and the standard school cannot be run for much less. What is the answer?

E. W. KOONS.

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the *May* Number.)

XXII.

"Where are you going?" asked the mother.

"Where am I going? Going to your house of course."

"Go somewhere else, hadn't you better, to a bigger and greater house than mine. Go to the Guest Hall (where beggars congregate), and act as judge among your own kind."

"Yes," said he "what you say is true after all. How did you know about it? Wherever I go in any District, I have a big guest house all my own awaiting me. Hurry home, I'm going to the Guest Hall."

Hyangtanee came running along and took hold of Dream-Dragon by the hand to compel him to come.

"Don't be offended," said she, "at the mistress' words; let's go home."

"Yes, but I've got something special to see to. Get my rice ready and I'll be there in a little."

The mother and Hyangtanee went home, while the Commissioner took his way to the Moonlight Pavilion. Hither and thither he walked, thinking over how he was to act; and now from the *Sa* hour the head secretaries, middle men, post servants and others, began to gather, making their salutations before him.

"To-day," said he, "you must all be present at the feast to be given at the *yamen*; and you will act so and so. Wait quietly, on hand and take the signal when I give it."

"All right, sir," answered they.

When the secretaries, middle-men, attendants, and soldiers had received their instructions, they scattered again in different directions; while the Commissioner himself went to the gate-quarters of the *yamen* just as the various District Governors were coming in, in full regalia.

"Imsil," shouted the servants, meaning the governor of that district.

"Koksang," is the echo.

"Yea-a-a-a!" is the response.

In the noise and shouting it is learned that the Governor of Tamyang District has arrived, of Sonchang also, and Koonsoo, etc., while the trumpets blow "*Da-a-ah!* Clear the way."

Now the captain of the guard Oonbong has come. The host of the day has given orders strictly to the different attendants to have oxen killed; he has called his house-servants and has had tables made ready; called the kitchen women and given orders regarding the kinds of food; has commanded the heads of departments to see that dainties are prepared. He has called the stewards and given them directions for the band and music; has called the head *keesang* and given her her orders about the dancing-girls; has had all the visitors appointed to their proper places.

The distinguished guests in silk, come in, in streams. The playing of the band was equal to the fairy music of Lake Yojee in ancient China. Every few seconds the big drum would come rolling in like the sound of spring thunder. The high notes of the flutes were like the calls of the phoenix, while the whistling of the spotted bamboo from the Sosang River awakened all one's sense of pain and sorrow. Through the thrummings of the harp were heard echoes of the year of plenty. The five-stringed viol gave a flavour of the Namhoon Palace. The smaller harps touched the chords of pity. The voices of the men were deep and strong, and those of the women soft and clear. Though one loves the old times, still the new ones may often awaken the envy of Paika the great musician of China. The Commissioner with his sense of delight all aroused, went, in his beggar garb, straight to the feast.

"I say, you runners you, and you Boys look yonder," shouted the host, "see that tramp coming in, he evidently wants to pilfer something."

The noise of it made such a report and commotion, that the host grew very angry and said, "Look you, kick that creature out will you!"

But the Commissioner held fast to a pillar near by, and was not to be dislodged. Said he, "The man who said 'Kick me out' is fit to be my son, but the man who lets himself be kicked out is no man at all."

The beggar shouted at the soldiers so that Oonbong looked at him with surprise and inquiry in his eye, for in spite of his ragged clothes and damaged hat, he was evidently some peculiar personage or other.

Oonbong called the Boy and said, "Yonder fellow is a gentleman evidently, give him a place at the foot, spread a mat and treat him well."

"Yea—a—a!" answered the Boy as out he went.

"You runner, yonder!"

"What is it?"

"Call that gentleman to come up here."

The Commissioner laughed and said to himself, "He knows, he knows, Oonbong knows. Oonbong has reached his final term of office, but he is in for promotion of three years more."

With a bound, up he came and sat down by Oonbong, bowing, simply.

Oonbong spoke thus: "I have something to say to you guests." "What is it?"

"The gentleman sitting on the last mat is a beggar, but still I propose that we recognize him as a gentleman of honor, and treat him accordingly. What do you say to it?"

The host screwed up his face and made answer, "When creatures like that come near, look out for your fans and pipes, or they'll be stolen. Why treat him in any such way?"

When he had so spoken well laid tables were brought in, but the beggar was given no fruit or dainties, so that Oonbong grew anxious about it.

"Boy!" said he, "Come here!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Bring in a proper table for that gentleman also."

"Yes, sir!"

They brought it in but it was an old table, from which the lacquer and tortoise-shell veneering had fallen off, and its legs were crooked like dogs' legs. A rib of beef too, on the table was only bone. Some sprouted beans there were, and a plate of chaff like leavings. Fish tails and a cup of mouldy spirit constituted the rest. Dream-Dragon looked at it and then with the handle-end of his fan, he gave it a poke and kicked it over, nudging Oonbong meanwhile in the side.

"I say, Oonbong!"

Oonbong gave a jump. "Look here, what do you mean by that?" asked he.

"Give me a cutlet, will you?"

"Hold up friend, if you want a rib take it, or do you want one of my ribs that you poke me so?"

Oonbong again called the Boy, "Take this cutlet and give it to that gentleman."

"No, no," said the Commissioner, "a beggar is never served by other people in that way, he always helps himself."

So he moved round among the tables, picked up this dainty morsel and that, carried them back to his dog-legged table with a dancing tipsy motion, and piled up a perfect mountain of good things. He gave Oonbong a second poke with his fan.

"I say, fellow, are you crazy?" asked Oonbong.

"No, I'm not crazy, but since we have these dancing-girls let's have them give a song first before we drink."

Oonbong called a *keesang* saying, "Sing a song for this gentleman will you?"

In ancient times, as now, there was no difference, dancing-girls were dancing-girls and had to do as ordered.

One girl says, "Look at that creature, does he want me to sing? What crazy thing is he? Why did you call me?"

Oonbong shouted, "None of that now, whoever calls you, it's no business of yours, do as you are told."

"Come here," said the Commissioner, "and sit by me."

"I don't want to," said the *keesang*.

"Do as you are bid," said Oonbong.

She then sat down on the mat by the beggar and he handed her a bone that he had been eating from and told her to share it.

"I don't want it," she said, "it's dirty."

"What, you a *keesang*, and you don't like me?" asked the Commissioner.

"What do you mean anyway? I don't like you, you are nasty."

"Do you say 'nasty'?"

"Take it and eat it," said Oonbong, "do you hear?"

Then the *keesang* did take it and touched it to her lips.

"That'll do," said the Commissioner, "now you may go. Pour out a glass and sing to us."

"I can't sing," said the girl.

"You a *keesang* and can't sing, what do you mean?"

Then she poured it out and began.

"*Chapjee keuryo, chapjee keuryo* (a low form of expression meaning Take the glass).

Let this glass stand for woe and tears

When this you drink,

Just let me think,

Yes, be a beggar for ten thousand years."

"Your song is evidently a new one, improvised, eh? Great you are."

He did not drink anything, however, but poured out the *sool* on the matting.

"Pshaw! I've spoiled a nice mat."

He got his sleeves wet, too, and then sprinkled the guests with his flourishing movements, so that they were all disturbed and agitated.

Oonbong ordered this and that ridiculous thing, so that the place was turned up side down.

The host thought, "This creature is surely a son of the gentry. No ordinary young man would ever act like that. He must be some reprobate of the better class, uneducated,

evidently. Let's set him a subject to write a poem on and get rid of him in that way; so, said he, "Good friends, lend me your ears. Let's write a verse each, and the one who does the worst, let him bear the brunt of it and be ejected from our midst."

He gave as rhyme characters "*sweet*" and "*strain*," at which the beggar also came in and sat down, saying, "I, too, by the goodness of my father and mother learned to write verses a bit, shall I try my hand?"

Oonbong heard this with delight and gave him pen, ink and paper. He took them and wrote rapidly, and when he had finished he pushed it under the mat where he sat, and said to the host, "A beggar from far away has had a fine meal, thanks a thousand times, au revoir!"

He then arose and left, to the great relief of the master of the occasion.

"Go in peace, sir," said the host, "when shall we meet again?"

"Oh, we'll meet in a little," said the beggar.

When he had gone, Oonbong extracted the paper from underneath the matting and it read thus:

"Golden cups of perfumed wine!
 'Tis the blood of human swine.
 Jewelled fare and dainties sweet,
 Wear the smell of swollen feet.
 Candle lights and laughing glee,
 Mixed with sweat and tears I see.
 Songs and music's lofty strain,
 Rest on inward moans and pain."

When Oonbong read it he trembled from head to foot. "Gentle host," said he, "have a good time. I have something to see to and must go."

Imsil, too, likewise stunned, got up. "I also must go at once," said he.

"What have you to go for?" asked the host.

"My mother has fallen and hurt herself."

"Pshaw! Your mother, nonsense!" said the host.

(*To be Concluded.*)

BLAZING THE TRAIL.

(Continued from the *May* Number.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

BLOOD SACRIFICE

Martha viewed the distant mountains with longing eagerness from the moment of starting in the early morning twilight. At noon-time they seemed as far away as when she started. She learned by inquiry that the village called Rocky Ridge lay at the foot of the mount on the opposite side. It must, therefore, be the home of Pastor Kim. Once there she would be among Christian friends, and safe from her pursuers. But how slow her progress! The road was little wider than a foot-path. It had been worn down by the ceaseless tread of the sandaled feet of men, and washed out by the floods of summer till in many places the bank on both sides towered fifteen feet above Martha's head. In other places the hard rock had resisted the wear of feet and rains, and showed nothing more than a well-worn surface. When Martha came to one of these deep ravines she walked rapidly and made good progress, but when she reached the open section of the road she made circuitous journeys to avoid being seen. Before again plunging into a ravine, she would carefully view the road in both directions, and if any one were approaching she would remain concealed till the road was again free. Thus was her journey made painfully slow.

In the late afternoon, when the shadows of the mountain stretched far out on the plain, and the deepening shades startled the pigeon and the quail from cover, Martha knelt at the foot of the mountain and thanked her God for safety. Far up the mountain side the smoke of a village unfretted by mountain breezes curled directly skyward. "Our last stop and then safety" said Martha to her babe, while she gazed at the distant smoke. "We are tired, you and I," she added, looking into the child's brown eyes, "and the mountain would be perilous at night."

Two hours later Martha and her babe stood on the outskirts of the town waiting for the darkness to deepen. She watched from behind a hedge till the outlines of the houses disappeared, and the town appeared as one indefinable mass.

She then entered the village, and hastened her steps into a run, and looked sharply from side to side till she saw an inn where stood a huge ox from whose back was being removed a load of brushwood. She slipped unobserved around the animal into the inner-court of the inn. She then stood for some time in the deep shadows to recover her breath and to plan for her next move. She waited, half stooping, peering into the darkness, as some wild hunted thing, every sense alert for danger. The babe, from instinct, sensing the mother's fear, nestled closed to her back. Suddenly a door was flung open and the light from within streamed out full upon her. She fled for the compound gate, but barely missed a collision with a man who was opening it to make entrance for his ox. She ran back to the woman's quarters and was confronted by the wife of the inn-keeper. She was a slatternly looking woman with a shrewd face, made hard through long contract with the public.

Without a word she motioned Martha to the door of the woman's quarters, and swinging the door open let the light stream out upon her guest and deliberately looked Martha over from her pretty face to her shabby sandals. She carefully examined the wide-eyed bundle on Martha's back; then with a grunt, suggesting that she always took the world as she found it, motioned Martha to follow, and leading the way to the warmest part of the floor, gruffly told her guest to sit down; but Martha shrank into the farthest corner of the room, much to the surprise of her hostess. Again she inspected Martha minutely and with imperturbable face unbound the baby and placed it on the floor. Martha hastened to explain that she was travelling over the mountain to the next village and fearing to travel after dark was seeking shelter. The woman again grunted for reply. She was evidently satisfied with her own investigations; and to Martha's surprise and relief asked no questions.

Presently a babel of voices and the barking of dogs announced the arrival of more guests. Martha's face whitened with fear. At the sound of new arrivals, Martha's hostess hastened from the room, and after a long absence she return-

ed and sat down on the floor in front of Martha and gazed steadily into her face. The latter trembled with agitation.

"I know you were running away, I always know that," she said as if such things were of daily occurrence. "But who are you and who are these men that follow you?" and she looked from Martha to the baby. Without waiting for an answer she added, "There are three men after you." Then she paused to mark the effects of her words. Martha's face whitened. "Never fear," her hostess added, "I told them that there is no woman guest here to-night. They will not come here in search for you."

"Why," said Martha. "You lied to them."

"Of course," said the woman. "I always lie to them when they come here in search of a woman. Don't I know them? What do you want? Do you want them?" She asked sharply and looked Martha steadily in the face.

"No, no!" cried Martha in great distress. "I am going to my husband. Don't let them find me, I pray you don't."

There was a sound of heavy footsteps in the yard, and the inn-keeper's wife placed her eyes to the bit of glass fastened to the center of the paper covered door, and motioned to Martha to keep quiet. "He is coming," she presently exclaimed with some show of excitement. "I can see him in the light of the torches. He is huge, a real giant." Martha knew by the description that the one named was Bali, the Robber, and she wrung her hands in an agony of despair.

Covering a section of the wall on the opposite side of the room from the door was a curtain reaching from the ceiling nearly to the floor, behind which was a frame work resembling a child's high-chair. In the seat was a small wooden tablet in which was inscribed the name of an ancestor of the inn-keeper. It was an ancestral tablet, sacred to that particular clan. The woman lifted the lower corner of the curtain and motioned Martha to step behind it. Fear put springs to Martha's feet, and in an instant she was behind the curtain. It bulged outward showing her form in an alarming manner, and her feet could be plainly seen beneath the lower edge of the curtain. Her hostess seized a handful of old clothing,

such as often adorns the floor of an inn, and flung it over Martha's feet. Then she took her stand in front of the curtain. At that instant the door was flung violently open and a man's head and powerful pair of shoulders thrust within. Martha peered through a rent in the curtain over the shoulder of her protectress and recognized the face of Bali. He threw a comprehensive glance about the room till his eyes rested upon Martha's sleeping baby.

"Grandchild?" asked Bali.

"Grandchild?" shouted the woman. "Grandchild, indeed! What business have you putting your head into women's quarters. Robber!" she called, and lifted her voice in a long stream of invectives, punctured with a frequent cry of "robbers!" Bali closed the door softly and waited still her storm of reviling had ceased, then said in genuine humility,

"Pardon me, Madam. I was not looking for you or for yours, but for another, for whom to search I have the best rights given to a man. I would restore a lost woman to her husband. The necessity of my search is so great that I dared to impose upon your privacy."

Martha listened with bated breath, interpreted his words by her fear of him, and trembled violently at the sound of opening doors as the giant made his round of all the buildings in that vicinity. A little later she heard voices in the yard and heard Bali announce that he would search every house and every room in the town. Soon an uproar from the dogs of the town announced that he was as good as his word. He had been gone a long time and the town had settled down to a quiet before she ventured from her hiding place. Her hostess then fastened the door on the inside and proceeded to prepare Martha's supper.

"It is well that my husband is away to a distant market," said the woman. "Had he been here you would have left under the care of the giant. To exploit helpless women is the man's habit, and my husband is a man."

Later, in the evening Martha was dismayed to hear the rain pattering on the wooden platform in front of the door. It would make the road soft, and make it easy to follow her

footsteps. She finally lay down by the side of her baby, but the presence of danger drove sleep from her eyes and she resolved to leave the inn the moment the moon should show light enough for the journey. She listened with bated breath to the sounds about the inn. The stamp of horses, the murmur of voices, the rustle of a brood of chickens that crowded and jostled each other just outside the door filled her with apprehension. She stared upward, with shivering fear, into the darkness while the hours dragged their leaden steps. So deep was the impression made by these hours of terror that for many years a voice or the rustling of the wind during the night hours, chilled her with the sense of fear. At last she was aroused by the early cock crow, and the moon, as if summoned by the same call, brightened the face of the paper-covered door. Martha arose and gently pushed the door open. The storm was over and the town was bathed in the soft moonlight. Overhead clouds scudded across the sky and occasionally covered the moon and dipped the town in shadows. Martha looked long at the peaceful scene and her sick heart longed for the tender ties, once hers, and for the protection of home. She finally turned to her sleeping child and hushing it into a deeper slumber fastened it to her back. She then awakened the keeper of the inn and paid for her lodgings. That good woman grunted with approval when Martha explained her purpose. Martha stepped softly into the yard and closed the door.

"They will have searched the town," she confided in a whisper to her sleeping babe. "They will not awake till I have had three hours the start of them. When we get over the mountain all will be well, will it not, baby?" She brought the child's face around to her side and looked at it questioningly as though she expected a confirmation of her judgment, and hoped for some inspiration for the coming struggle. How tired she was, but she only half realized it, as fear put speed to her feet. On reaching the outskirts of the town she breathed freely. The cool night breeze on her cheek and the stimulant of action gave her a sense of freedom and security. But she little realized the vigilance of the sleepless Bali.

As Martha passed the last house of the village, a dog set up a howl, a long woolfish cry, primordial in its thrill of expectancy. It told of game in full view and called the pack to bury its nose in blood. In an instant the denizens of the kennels responded in one prolonged howl, and the town was in an uproar.

Bali was instantly in the street looking up and down for the cause of the outcry. He had heard and understood the first long cry and stood in the road, his ears strained to catch and locate that particular note. He ran from one end of the village to the other with the only result of increasing the general hubbub. He carefully examined the road for footprints but it had been so thoroughly trampled after the evening rain that he gained no information from it. At last feeling confident of the final results if it were simply a question of a race over the mountain, he returned to the inn to wait for the break of day. After the manner of such men, he was soon lost in profound slumber, but at the first ray of the coming dawn he was again in the street searching it from end to end. Soon he returned to the inn on the run and shook up his companions, who, to the astonishment of other guests, hastily left the inn.

"I never mistake a footprint," said Bali when they had reached the end of the village; "I have seen that one before," he added, pointing out the print of a small foot in the soft earth. Mr. Cho broke into a run. "Not so fast," said Bali with a laugh. "How long do you suppose you would last at that rate of speed up this mountain? We need you when our journey is over. Do you think, man, that with the baby on her back she can out-speed us?"

"I fear she suffers much," said Mr. Kim, "The road is hard but the terror of knowing she is followed is infinitely more terrible."

Mr. Cho again started to run, but was restrained by Bali's heavy hand on his shoulder. The touch was kindly and was remembered tenderly for many years afterward. The huge hand slipped down Mr. Cho's sleeve and closed on his hand

and remained there. Thus was he able to keep pace with Bali's tireless speed. Mr. Kim strode in the rear his face filled with concern. Silently, the three men breasted the long mountain slope.

For three hours, Martha climbed the mountain with the moon's kindly rays upon her path. The long journey taught her to husband her strength, but when the light sprang up in the east, she knew that her persuers would be on her tracks and the knowledge put speed into her feet. She hastened with the sleeping child till she gasped for breath. Finally her feet began to falter and growing dizzy she was compelled to sit down to recover her breath. Thus she lost much precious time. As the path approached the summit of the pass it was lined with high bushes and zigzagged in its course so frequently that it completely hid the road at a distance of fifty yards below. While it did not permit her to see far enough to discover whether she was persued, she was glad for the protection and seclusion that it gave her. She often whispered to the sleeping babe, "We are safe now, we are safe." Yet the wind among the bushes below her would send her ahead with a fresh spirit of panic. Her knees trembled greatly and she prayed for strength and staggered on. For an hour she momentarily expected to reach the summit of the divide, but around each bend there was always another elevation stretching far above her. As the morning lengthened the stimulus from fear lessened, and the exhaustion from excessive physical effort, and from the lack of food settled upon her. There was a pain just above her eyes and the road seemed a blur. The child awoke and cried for attention, but Martha did not know it. She felt sure the mountain was tricking her, for each elevation she climbed seemed to be the one over which she had just toiled. She hummed a song and was startled at her own voice, and stopping called out, "What is that?" She thought it would be easier to walk down rather than up and began to wonder why she was climbing up, always up. At last the path became easier and Martha sat down. She did not know it, but she had reached the top of the divide.

Just beyond were the rocks leading down over Maiden

Falls. A hundred yards beyond that the road dropped away leading down the other side of the mountain. Above her towered the twin spurs of the mountain range. They leaned toward each other in sociable contemplation of the world at their feet. A short distance from where Martha sat was the great black rock leading downward to the precipice that forms a portion of the falls. The smooth surface dipped downward so quickly that a pebble dropped on its surface would dance merrily away with accelerated motion for a distance of thirty feet, then, suddenly leaping into the air, plunge down an almost perpendicular cliff to a frightful depth. Martha's path lead directly across this black slippery rock upon an artificial embankment, which had been built of stone, sod, roots of trees, and trailing vines. This mass was held, though insecurely, by shallow niches cut in the rock. It so happened at this particular time that a part of the path at the center had slipped away during a recent rain, leaving a few feet of space uncovered. A tiny stream spread out over this exposed surface of the rock and disappeared in its darker crevices beyond.

How long Martha sat with her head pillowed against a rock, while the baby played at her side, she did not know for slumber had closed her eyes. Suddenly she awoke and sprang to her feet with the sense of peril near at hand. Her brain was clear once more. She looked down the path from which she had come. A cool breeze fanned her cheeks, and the morning sun shone over a scene of infinite grandeur, and solitude reigned supreme. Suddenly, there was a sound of footsteps just beyond the last zigzag course of the road up which she had come. Martha swung the child to her back and stood with nostrils distended, like a wild deer surprised in her tracks. She gazed at the bend in the path, fascinated with fear, and trembling in every muscle. She could hear the heavy breathing of her pursuers. There was a stir in the bushes around the projection of a rock in the path. Then Bali's face appeared. She whirled and ran. Voices called her, called her by name, but they only put wings to her feet. She sped across the little plateau leading to the head of Maiden Falls

and on down the precipitous path, out on the artificial embankment and then paused on the edge of the open space where the earth had been swept away. Beneath her was the dark shelving rock stretching down to the brink of the falls. She caught the view at a glance and a wild thought flashed through her soul. Then the name of her babe was on her lips and she retreated a few steps to get momentum for the leap. There were voices close at hand calling her to stop, but with a startled cry she made the leap. Her foot touched a loose stone on the opposite side and she swung her arms in the air to regain her balance and for a moment stood poised over the chasm, her long hair streaming backward over the face of the babe as if hiding its innocent eyes from the impending fate. The rock beneath her foot gave way and with a cry she turned half around and fell prone on her face on the rock below and slipped away from the path down the steep incline toward the brink of Maiden Falls with the baby on her back. Its tiny mouth puckered into a doubtful smile. Martha clung to the surface of the rock, crowding her fingers into its smooth surface till the skin peeled from their tips, but her effort seemed only to hasten her downward course.

As Martha sprang for the opposite bank she felt the presence of her pursuers. So close, indeed, were they that when she fell, Bali sprang across the opening. He was an instant too late. The three men were spellbound with horror at the sight of Martha and her babe slipping irresistibly to the brink. Mr. Cho's face was ashen. He threw himself across the path and frantically reached after her. He gazed with anguish-filled eyes and his lips moved but they were dumb. Bali stood half bent, leaping toward the precipice in the position he had landed when he leaned across the opening. Mr. Kim, with hand on his knees, leaned over the prostrate form of Mr. Cho, his face drawn and old. No one spoke. The quiet gurgling of the tiny stream and a moan from Martha's lips were the only sound. Just at the edge of the precipice was a line of green where the little stream seemed to enter the rock. From this seam a few grasses and tiny shrubs protruded. From that

line it was no more than a hand's breadth to the brink of the falls. Martha's foot touched the line of green, and for a moment it held her. Her body swayed and a bunch of moss and grass slipped over the ledge, then Martha lay quiet with one foot touching the green ridge and the other resting on the rock in the open space made by the falling moss. All was silent save the sharp in-take of breath by the three men, then from far-away came back a faint echo of the fallen debris. Suddenly Mr. Kim came to life.

"Cling to the rock," he called, "It is I, your Pastor calling. Be not afraid, we will save you. Don't move your feet! Don't look up! Don't move a muscle!"

Bali had already bounded away, and when Mr. Kim whirled about to secure some means of aid, he saw Bali up the side of the mountain pulling furiously at a long vine which trailed over the rocks a hundred feet away. In a moment he was back at Mr. Kim's side and the two men silently and swiftly twisted two vines together. Mr. Kim wound one end of the vine around the projection of a rock and held it there, while Bali threw the other end toward Martha. It landed within a few inches of her hand, then from the wilful contortions of a vine rolled away with many a wriggle and mocking twist. Without a moment's hesitation Bali seized it, and holding it in his hand, backed down towards the brink of the precipice where Martha lay. Presently he reached her and seizing her arm bade her not to fear. He raised her up gently. For a moment he looked over the cliff into the frightful depth, then he glanced along the thin thread that must now support a double weight. For an instant his eyes sought the grave face of Mr. Kim, and he knew the latter sensed the new peril. Then in a voice almost sweet in its gentle solicitude, he directed Martha how to act. She began creeping upward on her knees by pulling on the vine and working forward hand over hand. Bali letting as little weight on the vine as possible, kept pace with her, speaking words of assurance and kindly encouragement. "Sorry for the mishap," he said in a tone that suggested how secure she now was. "You will not look up yet, but, waiting on the bank above us is one for whom you

have traveled so far and suffered so much. He loves your God and he loves you." There was a tranquil musical quality in his voice that gave her a sense of peace, and her recent wild flight and terrible mishap seemed far away. At last they were within ten feet of the top of the incline. Mr. Cho was joyous. He laughed and cried and called endearing words of encouragements.

"She is coming back, my bonny wife and the baby too," he shouted. "There you are, almost up! Defied death! Ha, ha! I died a hundred times while you slid down the cursed rock. Ha-a-a-a! It was a thousand years from here to the brink! Hasten Martha, I, your husband am calling!"

At the sound of his voice, Martha paused and looked up. Her face had been torn by the rough rock and the front of her jacket was deeply soiled and touched with red from her wounds. Clinging for a moment to Bali's huge hand she looked into the eyes of her husband, and her lips parted. Bali spoke to her almost playfully, but with a note of warning in his voice. "This is a slender thread," he said. "Be sure it fails not to unite you two. Did it break it would make a long separation." She again obediently seized the vine and started upward.

Mr. Cho, in his eagerness caught the vine at the point held by Mr. Kim and before the latter could prevent the act gave it a sudden sharp tug. Martha slipped and lay still on the rock with a sickening sense of coming disaster.

"Wait! Wait!" Cried Mr. Kim. "One vine has parted, the other is twisting and the bark is being wrung off. You there." He shouted to Mr. Cho, "Run for another vine!" He grasped the vine more firmly and reached toward Martha as far as he could extend his arm. Martha raised her face from the rock and for a moment looked into the eyes of her Pastor with an appeal in their depth he long remembered. Bali looked over the prostrate form of Martha into the eyes of Mr. Kim, his own face as white as Martha's jacket, while on it was stamped a great purpose. "How is it now, is the bark still twisting?" He asked as quietly as though he had casually asked the time of day.

"It is giving," Mr. Kim gasped with a hasty glance down the ten feet of intervening space.

"You are safe, Martha," said Bali in a tone of deep assurance using her name for the first time. "Forgive your husband. Remember he has also suffered greatly."

Bali loosed his hold on the vine and spread his huge body out on the surface of Black Rock. Down he went with increasing velocity till his foot touched the green line of the precipice where Martha had lain. There he paused. In a moment Mr. Kim had drawn Martha up to the path. Reaching for her, he took Martha and the babe in his arm, and turning placed them on the ground. With a shout to Mr. Cho to hasten he again turned to call encouragement to Bali. At that moment a bit of rock and soil slipped from beneath Bali's feet. The resistance offered by the moss and shrubs gave way, and slowly Bali moved downward. Then his feet hung over the brink. He struggled frantically, digging his hands and nails into the rock and crowding his chin down onto the surface of the smooth granite. He moved more rapidly and quickly slipped over the brink. He was gone! No! his hands caught a projection of the rock and held him. For a moment he dangled over the precipice and his hands alone could be seen. With superhuman effort his grip tightened upon the slippery rock and he brought his face above the brink and looked up into the face of Mr. Kim over a space of thirty feet. Then the rock made soft by falling water began to give under his hand. He smiled at his companions taking them all in at one glance. Then his head slowly sank below the rock. As they watched, the muscles of his huge hands bulged again and for an instant his dark hair appeared above the brink of Maiden Falls. There was a shock of crumbling stone and his hands disappeared. There was a long pause. Would they never know—they held their breath and agony gripped the heart. A dull thud came back to them from so far away. Then the mountain was quiet. The tiny stream gurgled softly over the slippery surface of Black Rock—that was all.

Mr. Kim stood for a long time gazing down over Maiden Falls. When he at last turned, Martha's head rested on a mound of earth by the side of the path and her face was white and still. Her husband was chafing her hands and calling to her in wild foolish terms. The babe, loosed from her mother's back sat at her side laughing as she pulled hand-fuls of dry grass and flung it from her.

"She has forgotten her trouble for a time and it is well," said Mr. Kim. He left them and hastened down to the foot of Maiden Falls. He never spoke of what he saw there. His townsmen came to his assistance, and the horror of the scene was printed on their minds. Stains lay on the black rock till the rain of mid-summer again sent its flood over Maiden Falls. No one in all that country side would approach Maiden Falls for many months, and the story is often told that now when the wind blows hard from the south the ex-robber can be seen riding with the ancient crew, and that his wild voice can be heard above them all, shouting in the storm.

The Christian community talk fondly of his memory and when Martha heard of the stained rocks she murmured "It is the stain of blood sacrifice."

CHAPTER XXVII.

TEH HERMIT OF THE SALT MARSH SPEAKS

Mr. Cho and Martha abode long at the home of Mr. Kim in Rocky Ridge to regain strength and rest from the shock and toil of their recent experience, and to readjust their relations to the new world of moral forces. They were on God's ground; suffering had assured them of His high commission, but the real battle was all before them.

When they left for their home in the south another figure had joined the group. Madam Kim rode on a donkey at the rear of the two chairs, while Pastor Kim strode at her side. Madam Kim's face and voice were just as sharp as when she first "gave in," and she regarded with the same pride the stalwart preacher at her side. They had been separated only three years yet his hair was streaked with gray. There

was something about him she did not understand, and the mystery sharpened her voice. He had left her an inexperienced man, enthusiastic, blundering. He had returned to her a master of men; a warrior challenging the word of age-in-trenched wrong, carrying the hurt of the world on his soul. She had seen the scars of cruel beatings, and he had told her of the many scenes of sufferings and victory. Never, again, she promised herself, would they be separated. If there were to be sufferings and cruelty, she would share them all and glory in them. Some day she would be laid in the same grave, that would be for a long rest. Now she would live his life, share his burdens, and no power should hinder.

The people of Standing Stone heard of the approach of the wanderers and hundreds traveled ten *li* from the town to welcome the return. No magistrate was ever received more royally than was Pastor Kim, his wife, Mr. Cho and Martha. The Devil of the Salt Marsh headed the Christian portion of the procession. Grandmother Pagoda was next in line, and Changdingi was at her side; the last named joined the number as it was the most interesting event he had known. The Christian development was altogether contrary to reason, bewildering, and insufferably disconcerting. He had long ago resolved never to strike at it again, now he wanted to see it in motion. There followed a great company who had passed through much tribulation.

An hour before the arrival of the wanderers the procession lined up on both sides of the road. The Christians sang hymns and their fellow townsmen, feeling isolated, joined in the effort to make melody.

Mr. Kim led the little company as they entered the lines and was greeted with a burst of song. The Hermit was master of ceremonies. The people paid him such deference and he assumed the responsibility as his natural right. He took his position on a slight elevation which commanded a view of the two lines of people and also of the wanderers. Turning his face to Mr. Kim he addressed the people. No one was ever inattentive when the Hermit spoke. In his ugly face was an insistency, almost a menace. He began with a deep

rumble in his deep chest that prepared his listeners for a coming shock, but there was no jolting, his voice was rugged and harsh, yet his words were gentle.

"Welcome home," said he, then paused and turned his unsmiling eyes down the long lines of waiting people, and continued, "we are welcoming home this day, the most remarkable man who has appeared in our generation. Since becoming a Christian I have often left my salt-pans for weeks together and traveled to the Capital, and to other large cities, and when I could induce men to confide in my ugly face I have gleaned ideas and facts relating to the change of opinions and practises of our times, and in the light of this information I have tried to measure the new force that has come among us in the person of Mr. Kim, our Pastor. I again repeat he is the most remarkable man of this generation. He will decline this statement as a personal compliment which is proper for him to do but the Devil of the Salt Marsh never soiled his lips by flattering. He will tell you that whatever good has come to this community through his service is from above. That is all true, but he is the only man God could trust with the task of telling His Truth to the men of these mountains and plains. Like Paul he has sung praises in a noisome prison. He received more stripes than did Paul. As did Paul so did he overcome the subtle attacks of false brethren. Like the Christ he loved men into the Kingdom. He went out into the Salt Marsh and found the despised, the hated, the abhorred; the one by whose name parents frightened children into obedience; the one whose face and form was more ugly to look upon than the wayside demons; the one whose heart, overloaded with hate, waited upon the leadened footed hours for the opportunity to satiate revenge, even the Devil of the Salt Marsh, I say, he loved the Devil into the Kingdom.

"There stands before you another man who will speak for himself. He on an occasion you well remember, told you how he wound his venomous coil about the Preacher and struck at him to kill. Today there is no serpent in his heart, he stands before you noble, true. He is here to make right the

wrongs of the past. By his side is Martha, a princess among women. Listen to me. This man has been your terror for many years, so offensive was he at one time had he crossed my path I would have snuffed out his life as I would that of a reptile. Today he is chief among virtuous citizens, and the latter days of many of you will be blessed because of him. Who was the author of all this? Who?" The hermit paused and slowly raising his long arm levelled his massive hand at Pastor Kim.

The Hermit's arm slowly fell to his side and his eyes searched the faces of the two lines of waiting people. He waited so long the throng craned their necks and jostled each other to see his face, then the silence became tense.

"Early this morning," he said, his voice rising with a peculiar quality of emotion that awed his listeners, "armed soldiers marched into our town with orders to arrest a certain man whom you all know, with the purpose of haling him to justice for many self-confessed misdeeds, for swift retribution. You are all familiar with tales of his activities to make restitution, and how he surrendered his person to make farther atonement with his life by meeting the demands of the law.

"Underneath a great waterfall in the north where the stream disappears in the dry season, the rocks are dyed red and out on the mountain side is a lone grave, and at its head is a smooth oaken slab on which is written.

BALI.

'He gave his life for the helpless.'

"The Governor and other bloodthirsty men will be disappointed when they learn that the fearless Robber Chief, the incomparable master of men is no more. For the sake of helpless women, in the name of his new Master, he tossed aside his life with a smile on his brave lips."

Again the Hermit paused, then lifting his mighty voice he called long with a world of pathos and triumph in its tones till the mountain echoed again:

"Oh, the power of the living Christ!"

THE END.

